

Scici. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.
Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,
 Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.
Mene. Pie, sic, sic, this is the way to kindle, not to
 quench.
Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.
Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Citie.
Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the
 Peoples Magistrates.
All. You so remaine.
Mene. And so are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
 To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
 And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
 In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Scici. This deserues Death.
Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,
 Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,
 Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
 Of present Death.
Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
 Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.
Brut. Ediles seize him.
All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.
Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
 heare me but a word.
Ediles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
 And temperately proceed to what you would
 Thus violently redresse.
Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
 That seeme like prudent-helpe, are very poysonous,
 Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
 And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. draws his Sword.*
Corio. No, he die here:
 There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,
 Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
 a while.
Brut. Lay hands vpon him.
Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
 him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*
*In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the
 People are beat in.*
Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
 All will be paught else.
2. Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
 I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
 Leane vs to cure this Cause.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
 You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.
Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
 Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
 Though calu'd i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
 Be gone; put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of
 them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
 And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
 Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
 Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
 Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
 What they are vs'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
 He trie whether my old Wit be in request
 With those that haue but little: this must be patcht
 With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and
 Cominius.*
Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
 Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
 What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,
 And being angry, does forget that euer
 He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
 Here's goodly worke.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
 What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicinius. Where is this Viper,
 That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himselfe
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicinius. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
 And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
 Then the severity of the publike Power,
 Which he so sets at naught.
1. Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
 The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall sure ont.
Mene. Sir, sir, *Sicinius.* Peace.
Mene. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt
 With modest warrant.
Sicinius. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe
 To make this rescue?
Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
 The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults:
Sicinius. Consull? what Consull?
Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus*.
Brut. He Consull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
 And yours good people,
 I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
 The which shall turne you to no further harme,
 Then so much losse of time.
Sic. Speake breafely then,
 For we are peremptory to dispatch
 This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence
 Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
 Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
 He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd
 In Ioues owne Booke, like an ynnaturall Dam
 Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicinius. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
 Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
 What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
 Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
 (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
 By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
 And what is left, to loose it by his Country,
 Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
 A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicinius. This is cleane kammie.
Brut. Meerely awry:
 When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Mene. The seruice of the foote
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
 For what before it was.
Brut. Wee'l heare no more:
 Purue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
 Least his infection being of catching nature,
 Spred further.
Mene. One word more, one word:
 This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
 The harme of vnscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
 Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceffe,
 Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
 And sacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were so?
Sicinius. What do ye talke?
 Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
 Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.
Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres
 Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
 In boulded Language: Meale and Bran together
 He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,
 Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
 Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forne
 (In peace) to his ynnocent perill.
1. Sen. Noble Tribunes,
 It is the humane way: the other course
 Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
 Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sicinius. Noble *Meninius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
 Masters, lay downe your Weapons.
Brut. Go not home.
Sicinius. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
 Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
 In our first way.
Mene. Ile bring him to you.
 Let me desire your company: he must come,
 Or what is worst will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*
Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.
Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
 Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
 Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
 That the precipitation might downe stretch
 Below the beame of fight; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.
Enter Volunius.
Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muse y Mother
 Do's not approue me further, who was wont
 To call them Wollen Vassalles, things created
 To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
 In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood vp

To speake of Peace, or War
 Why did you wish me m
 False to my Nature? Rath
 The man I am.
Volunius. Oh sir, sir, sir,
 I would haue had you not
 Before you had worne it o
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue l
 With struing lesse to be f
 The things of your dispos
 You had not shew'd them
 Ere they lack'd power to
Corio. Let them hang.
Volunius. I, and burne to
Enter Mene.
Mene. Come, come, yo
 too rough: you must rete
Sena. There's no reme
 Vnlesse by not so doing, c
 Cleaue in the midd'l, and
Volunius. Pray be coun
 I haue a heart as little ap
 But yet a braine, that lead
 To better vantage.
Mene. Well said, Nob
 Before he should thus sto
 The violent fit a'th time c
 For the whole State; I wo
 Which I can scarcely bea
Corio. What must I do
Mene. Returne to th'
Corio. Well, what the
Mene. Repent, what yo
Corio. For them, I cann
 Must I then doo't to them
Volunius. You are too a
 Though therein you can n
 But which extremities spe
 Honor and Policy, like v
 I'th' Warre do grow toge
 In Peace, what each of the
 That they combine not th
Corio. Fust, fust.
Mene. A good dema
Volunius. If it be Honor
 The same you are not, wh
 You adopt your policy: H
 That it shall hold Compa
 With Honour, as in War
 It stands in like request.
Corio. Why force you
Volunius. Because, that
 Now it lyes you on to spee
 Not by your owne instruc
 Which your heart prompt
 That are but roared in yo
 Though but Bastards, and
 Of no allowance, to your
 Now, this no more dishon
 Then to take in a Towne
 Which else would put you
 The hazard of much bloo
 I would dissemble with m
 My Fortunes and my Frie
 I should do so in Honor,